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Whigg Loyalty,

OR AN

Humble ADDRESS

TO HER

MAJESTY.

Price 6*d*.

k Dunton (E)

April 1714

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OR AN

Humble ADDRESS

TO HER

MAJESTY.

BY

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

Author of the COURT-SPY.

In which he offers to appear and prove all His *DISCOVERIES*, and ſeveral others of great Moment, to the Queen and Kingdom, if Her Majeſty will be pleaſed to grant Her *ROYAL PROTECTION* to Himſelf and Witneſſes.

Corpora magnanimo ſatis eſt proſtraſſe Leoni. —— Ovid.

In Engliſh.

A Noble Mind will ſpare him that ſubmits himſelf.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. Warner* near *Ludgate*. 1714.

Whigg Loyalty,

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TO HER

MAJESTY.

By Mr. JOHNSTON,

Author of the COURT-SPY.

In which he offers to demonstrate and prove all His PARADOXICAL, (tho' loyal) notions of great Moment, to the Queen and Kingdom, if Her Majesty will be pleased to grant Her ROYAL PROTECTION to Himself and Writings.

Corpora magnarum fera de prædis lenem. —— Ovid.

In English.

A Mild Mind will Spare him that Submits himself.

LONDON:

Printed by J. Warner near Ludgate. 1714.

Whigg-Loyalty:

OR AN

HUMBLE ADDRESS

TO

HER MAJESTY.

Madam,

THE many *Royal and Chriſtian Vertues* that ſhine ſo eminently in your Majeſty, the tender Regard you have always ſhow'd for the Welfare of your Subjects, the undoubted Right all ſuch have, of laying their Grievances before you, and imploring your Royal Protection, in the Performance of their Duty; imboldens me, the *humbleſt of them*, to lay my ſelf and Caſe at your Sacred Feet: 'Tis moſt gracious Sovereign, the Malice of my Enemies (I wiſh I cou'd not ſay, your Majeſty's and People's too) that forces me to make this *Addreſs*, and by it my Caſe as publick as their Crimes; ſhall one Subject, not only with Impunity, but Encouragement, *betray and ruin*, as much

as

as in him lies, his Prince and Country, and ſhall another not *dare to ſave 'em*, by expoſing treaſonable Practices? God forbid! No, Queen *Ann*, *that wiſe*, *that juſt*, *that beſt of Princes*, in Spight of all her Enemies, ſtill ſits upon the Throne of great *Britain*: Oh may ſhe long, long, very long do ſo, for the happineſs of theſe Kingdoms, and good of *languiſhing Europe*, which has but this one only Proſpect leſt them, to raiſe their ſinking Hopes and chaſe away their too well grounded fears of *Univerſal Monarchy*, and its inſeparable Attendant, *Slavery*, the worſt of Slavery, under Arbitray Power. If *Europe* groans with this ſingle View of Miſery, what muſt theſe poor Illands do, who have *not only* that *to dread*, *but* Popery *too*, *that worſt of ſpiritual and Temporal Tyranny?* With what Grief and Amazement muſt every honeſt *Britiſh Proteſtant* look on, and ſee ſo many of their profeſt Enemies, *the Emiſſaries of Rome*, *and a Popiſh Pretender*, walking openly, and barefacedly, amongſt us, ſwarming in all Parts of the Kingdom, and propagating their pernicious Doctrines againſt our civil and religious Rights, and what's ſtill more melancholy, to ſee ſo great a Number of your Majeſty's Subjects, and that *not only Papiſts*, *but profeſs'd Proteſtants*, joining theſe Enemies of God and Britain, openly arraigning *your Majeſty's Title*, *and conferring it upon a ſpurious* Pretender, bred up in all the Principles of Popery and Arbitrary Power, and not only ſo, but with the utmoſt Averſion both to our Perſons and Religion;

this

this Infatuation ſeems to pronounce us, *doom'd to Deſtruction.*

Alas Madam! When I behold you ſiting upon the Throne of Glory, whereunto the Hand of God ſeemeth to have raiſed you by a *Miracle* (for ſuch was the *Revolution*, as effected by King *William* of ever glorious Memory) fortified you by *Diſcretion*, and bleſſed you with ſo many *Proſperities*, I cannot chuſe but remember, with the moſt tender Reſentments of my Heart, the *CALMS* of the *firſt Eight Years*, when you took into your Hands the Stern of this *large Empire*. Who ever ſaw *divers Mettals* ſo happily commix'd, as we then beheld *different Nations* united in *one entire Body*, under your Authority? What Conſent in Affections? What Correſpondence in all Orders? What Vigor in Laws? What Obedience in Subjects? What Agreement in the Senate? What Applauſe among the People? What Policy in Cities? What good Fortune in Arms? (*under your ever faithful and victorious General*) What Bleſſing in all the Succeſs of your Affairs?

Seemed it not that God had affixed to your *Standards* and *Laws*, ſome ſecret Vertue, which made the one triumph in War, and the other become proſperous in Peace; with ſo much *Terror and Reputation*, that even things *oppoſite* of their own Nature, knit themſelves firmly together, for the Honour of your Majeſty, and the Good of your Subjects.

O Madam! What is become of that *Golden Fate* of your Government? Who hath metamorphoſed

morphoſed it into this *Leaden Viſage*? *THE TRAITORS* that did it, I have faithfully and plainly diſcover'd in my *Court-Spy:* And as *there's no Law will hang a Man for ſpeaking the Truth*, if your Majeſty will pleaſe to grant your *Royal Protection* to my ſelf and Witneſſes, I ſhall accuſe thoſe Men in your *Royal Preſence*, that brought theſe Miſeries upon us. 'Tis true *the ſacred Majeſty of Queens* ought not in common Caſes to be approached by every little Buſie Body, or frivolous Remonſtrance-maker; yet when our *Prince's Pallace is on Fire, and her ſacred Perſon in the midſt of Flames*, the meaneſt of her Subjects has the Privilege then, to give her Warning of her Danger, and to *aſſiſt to quench the Fire*; and this I am afraid (*Madam*) is at preſent too near our Caſe, or I wou'd not have *aſſum'd the Boldneſs* to diſturb your Repoſe, or have plac'd my ſelf ſo diſadvantagiouſly before your Majeſty, as I muſt expect to appear under the Character of a *Publick Cenſor* of the Manners of your Miniſters, and a petty *State-Reformer*. But what Neceſſity there is that ſome bold *Britain* (or true *Engliſhman*) ſhou'd thus venture his *Liberty* to ſave his *Country* (juſt now on the Brink of Ruin) I ſhall fully prove, in a *Speech* I intend to make in the *Pillory*, which I ſhall call —*The Impeachment*, or *Great Britain's Charge againſt the P——t M——y*, and when I (thus) publickly *Impeach O—* and *B—* at the *Royal Exchange*, I ſhall make it appear to my *Pelting Auditors*, (if your Majeſty's

Princely

Princely Goodneſs does not ſave me, from that threatned (tho' undeſerv'd Puniſhment) that in ſuch a *juſt and National Cauſe* as I then ſuffer; that none but the *Jacobite Faction* (or *Sacheverel's Mob*) will hold up either Hand or *rotten Egg* againſt me. However *I have but one Life to loſe*, and in my ſuffering for detecting the Enemies to my Queen and Country, I think *Death it ſelf a reward*, for to be *Martyr'd*, for a Good Cauſe, is "*to* "*die but once, and then to live for ever.*

Then let *O*—— and *B*—— do their worſt, for I fear nothing on Earth, but *Sin* and a *guilty Conſcience*; and did I not think I was above all Temptations to betray my Country (*as they have done*) I ſhou'd abhor my ſelf; tho' no Body in the World knew it: For the *Little-Highway-Thief* is a Saint, if compar'd with *a brib'd M*——*ter of S*——*te*, who *robs a whole Nation at once*, to enrich himſelf and Family: For *the little Thief* may repent, and make full Satisfaction for the wrong he has done; but he that *ſacrifices his Religion and Country* for *Luidores*, ſhou'd he repent (as there's little Hopes of *ſo great a Thief*) yet he cou'd never repair the *Injuries he has done to a whole Kingdom*; for all Divines do aſſert, that without *Reſtitution there's no Salvation* for any Thief (be he great or little) but what *Reſtitution* can he make (more than laying that *HEAD* on the Block, that had contriv'd the Theft) that has rob'd a whole Nation of its *Honour*, and perhaps of its *Treaſure*,

ſure, to purchaſe *ſuch a* P——*t*, *and ſuch a* P——*ce as will* ——————; but I dare not ſay what, but leave the reſt to the Diſcoveries I am ready to make, of *the Hereditary Author*, *G——g's T——n*, *the new Jacobite Scheme*, *and other Cabinet ſecrets*, which (as I am told by a Perſon of Honour) will be all confirm'd by the unknown Author of *Neck or Nothing*.

But not to trouble your Majeſty with more than is abſolutely neceſſary for *my own Vindication*, and what's infinitely more dear to me, *your Majeſty's Safety*; permit me, Madam, to inform your Majeſty with the Occaſion of this *Humble Addreſs*.

The *Twenty third of* November laſt, ſome Perſons who called themſelves *your Majeſty's Meſſenger's*, came in my Abſence, to my *Lodgings*, and after a ſtrict Search and much Fury, expreſſed in *ſwearing*, *curſing and other Violences*, departed, declaring they were ſent by the Lord Viſcount *B*——, to ſeize me, as Author of a Pamphlet entituled, *Neck or Nothing*, &c. tho' it remains for his Lordſhip to prove me the Author; yet allowing I were ſo, what is there in that *Eſſay*, which deſerves ſuch Treatment? *the Hereditary Author* or rather Authors, met other kind of Uſage: 'Tis true, the Notice taken of that Work, by the ingenious Writer of *the Flying Poſt*, and likewiſe by the Author of the *Pamphlet his Lordſhip is ſo angry with*, forced a Proſecution, both of Mr. *Bedford* and the *Query-Publiſher*; otherwiſe 'tis probable, their Treaſon might

might have been winked at, as well as *Abel*'s *and the Examiner*'s, *with others I cou'd name.* At leaſt I have Reaſon to ſuſpect it by the No Notice taken of the *Diſcoveries*, offered in my *Court Spy*, all which, with much more I am able and willing to prove, by undeniable Demonſtrations and credible Witneſſes, when ever I have *your Majeſty's Commands to do ſo, and am aſſured of your Royal Protection:* But 'till then, 'twou'd be the Heighth of Imprudence to expoſe my ſelf, or any others of your Majeſty's faithful Subjects, to the Dangers that I know will attend ſuch *Loyalty.*

What ever becomes of me, *may God preſerve your ſacred Perſon* from the Machinations of all your Enemies, ſpiritual and Temporal, Eccleſiaſtical and civil, *from his Holineſs at Rome, to his Friend at St.* Andrews Holbourn, that drinks the *Pretender*'s Health on his Knees, and curſes the only humane Security, next to your Majeſty's precious Life (which God long preſerve) of our Religion and Liberties, *viz. The Proteſtant Succeſſion, in the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover.*

Madam, as ſuch *Diſloyal Practices* as theſe, tend to ſubvert the *preſent Conſtitution in Church and State*, they are certainly *High Treaſon*, and who ever is privy to ſuch Practices, if they don't diſcover 'em to ſome Magiſtrate, they ought to be proſecuted for *Miſpriſion of Treaſon*, for as my Lord *Bacon* obſerves, " A loyal Subject is a continual " Centinel, always to ſtand upon the watch " to give his Prince true Intelligence; if he

" flatters him, he betrays him, if he conceals " the Truth of thoſe things from him which " concern his Juſtice, or his Honour (altho' " not the Safety of his Perſon) he is as dan- " gerous a Traytor to his Crown, as he " that riſeth in Arms againſt him. "

Theſe, Madam, are the Words of my Lord *Bacon*, and ſufficiently ſhew, " 'Tis the Duty " of every Subject not only to obey his " Prince, and to be faithful to him himſelf, but " to give true and ſpeedy Intelligence of all " ſuch Treaſons, and Conſpiracies, that he " can poſſibly diſcover againſt his Perſon " and Government ". And therefore, Madam, being *born of Blood that never learn'd to flatter*, I ſhall ever think it my Duty to be *bold and daring, in my Fidelity to my Queen and Country* (as believing every cowardly, ſneaking and covetous Whigg, is as great a Scandal to his excellent Cauſe, as a Frenchifi'd Tory is to his Country) for no Man deſerves the *Loyal Name of a Whigg*, that fears either Men or Divils in diſcharge of a good Conſcience, or in the ſerving his Prince; for my own Share, I am the leaſt, and moſt unworthy of all that are *HONOUR'D* with the Title of *WHIGG*, yet I always ſaid, " *That* " *our Lands and Lives (if we are loyal) are* " *the Queen's, and nothing we can call our own* " *but DEATH, whilſt the Pretender lives, or* " *Your Majeſty has one Enemy*; and whoever e'nt thus Loyal, is no *WHIGG*, but *a Traytor to his Queen and Country*, and I rejoyce to find the moſt ingenious Man of the Age

(the

(the preſent *GUARDIAN* of *Stockbridge*) of this Opinion, for he tells the World, —— * " Riches and Honour can adminiſter to " the Heart no Pleaſure like what an honeſt " Man feels, when he is contending for the " Intereſt of his Country, and the civil " Rights of his Fellow Subjects ". This, *MADAM*, is Whigg Loyalty, and what was never conſider'd by Dr. *Sachaverell* or his *Falſe Brethren*, when they concerted their NEW SCHEME for bringing in the Pretender, as indeed how ſhou'd it, for 'tis impoſſible that *Prieſt* or Subject, (tho' he were a Lord *T*——*r* or *S*——— of *S* ——) that is falſe to his God, ſhou'd be true to his Prince, I mean in the Senſe of that *Great and good Emperor*, that turn'd away his profane Servants with theſe Words, " *How can he be* " *faithful to me that is not faithful to his God.* True Loyalty as well as true Religion, is nothing elſe but *an Obedience to God and the Queen, in the Obſervanee of the Chriſtian Laws of the Land*; by which it plainly appears, that he that is loyal to Your Majeſty upon any other Score but Religion (and what Religion can he have that betrays his Country or keeps a W——— ?) is ſo upon an accidental Reaſon, and ſuch as may alter, and ſo may be the Contrary upon the ſame Reaſon; ſuch a Subject may be *Whigg or Tory, or Tory or Whigg*, as theſe changeable Reaſons

* In his Book intituled, *The Importance of Dunkirk conſider'd.*

(ſuch

(ſuch as *Honour*, *or Intereſt*, *or Faſhion*) ſhall determine him, when he that is Loyal upon *the Reaſons of Religion and Conſcience* is fix'd, and (like a *TRUE WHIGG*) can never alter, till he deſerts thoſe pious Principles which will always be, and continue the ſame: But we find (as our truly *loyal and ingenious* Patriot obſerves) * " When (for the Sins of a " Nation) Men of poor and narrow Conceptions, Self-intereſted, and without Benevolence to Mankind have had the Uſe of " their Prince's Favour and *Prerogative*, they " think only what they may do, not what " they ought to do; ſuch *Miniſters* uſe the word " *Prerogative* to frighten Men from ſpeaking " what they lawfully may upon publick Occurrences, and often cover and protect their " Follies, or Iniquities under that *awful* Word " *Prerogative*.

MADAM, ſuch Arbitrary Notions as theſe tho' they have been very agreeable to the Luſt of Princes, yet they have often prov'd fatal to their Thrones. " I have thought " (ſays a *Loyal Divine* †) that the Thirtieth " of *January* Sermons, coſt King *James* his " three Crowns. *Men of corrupt Minds* were " ſtill addreſſing themſelves to his Humour, " till they puſh'd him on to the Fate that " became publick enough. And when they " had cried up his Power as ſacred, and told

* *Richard Steel*, Eſq; a Member of Parliament for *Stockbridge*, and Author of that celebrated Paper, intitul'd the *Guardian*.

† In his late Sermon intituled, *The Lawfulneſs of reſiſting Tyrants*.

" him

" him all his Actions were uncontroll'd, he " no ſooner took 'em at their Word, but " they left him in the Lurch: And he judg'd " extremely right in his Troubles, when he " cry'd out, with a Concern that I ſhould " have pitied, upon ſeeing a Clergy-Man, " *Ah Sir, it's the Men of your Cloth that have* " *brought me to this.* 'Twas the Unhappineſs " of that Prince, to believe thoſe in their " Sermons and Addreſſes who never believ'd " themſelves. They may talk of Paſſive-Obe- " dience, Reſignation, Meekneſs and Patience, " but the general Filthineſs of their Lives, " and their Haſtineſs to Anger with all the " World, make 'em a wretched Party for " any King to truſt in. The *Memorial of* " *the Church of England* tells us indeed, that " *Non-Reſiſtance* has been always their *Principle*, " but they confeſs *Nature* is apt to *rebel* againſt " *Principle*, and we believe 'em when they ſay, " *that in thoſe Caſes the Odds are on Nature's* " *Side.* Such a nice Diſtinction as this, do " we find in the *Addreſs* preſented to the " Queen ſome Time ago by *the Clergy of* " *London*; they call Her Majeſty's Authority " *Irreſiſtible*, and yet the next Breath ſucks " that in, for they ſay *as they have withſtood*, " *ſo they will withſtand again*". —— So that 'tis clear, our High-Church Prieſts are no longer loyal to their Prince, than he is *dignifying* their Ambition with *Lawn Sleeves*, or *feeding their Avarice with great Livings*; and therefore I ſhall preſume to ſay, that Subject deſerves moſt of Your Majeſty'd Fa-

vour,

vour, *that loves his Queen becauſe he honours his God*, and is loyal *becauſe he is religious*. This Man (be he Whigg or Tory) is *STEADY*, and his Loyalty impregnable; no *LUIDORES* or *DIAMONDS* can tempt him to ſell his Religion or Country, untill they *convince him there is no God*, nor ſhake his Allegiance, until they can diſargue his Faith: For he is a *Whigg Loyaliſt*, that is, Loyalty becomes the very Nature and Soul of this Man, but it hangs very looſely *and uncertainly* upon all others, let 'em be as *High-Church or as Low-Church* as they pleaſe: But as no Man can properly be call'd a *WHIGG*, that is not truly pious and loyal; ſo all the *WHIGG-LOYALTY*, that is paid to Your Majeſty's Perſon and Government, *throughout Your whole Dominions*, is (tho' our late *Glorious Deliverer* from Popery and Slavery, is now call'd a *Uſurper*) chiefly founded on *Revolution Principles*, this is fairly acknowledged for *Orthodox Doctrine*, by all the *true Sons of the Church of England*: (of which I boaſt my ſelf an unworthy Member) Nay I dare appeal even to that *Tool* of the Jacobite Party himſelf (Dr. *Sacheverill*) if *abſolute Paſſive-Obedience and Non-Reſiſtance*, was not decry'd as a falſe and ridiculous Doctrine, when the *Church of England* was touch'd in the ſenſible Part, I mean in her *Rights and Privileges*: For tho' "We have a late Spawn of Writers * who

* As is obſerv'd by the truly loyal and Ingenious Author of the Sermon, intituled, *The Lawfulneſs of reſiſting Tyrants*.

" repre-

" repreſent that great Work [*of the Revolu-*
" *tion*] as only the Rolling of a Multitude,
" yet it is well known that Perſons of the
" firſt Quality invited the Prince of *Orange*
" over. The Paper call'd *The Addreſs of the*
" *Engliſh Proteſtants*, was ſign'd by Dr. *San-*
" *croft*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and the
" greateſt Part of that Order; which ſhew'd
" what Spirit they were of in the Time of
" their Danger;" and it is of little Value with me, that they who made no Scruple to *pray* to a Prince, ſhou'd make any to *Swear* to him; our *Nobility and Gentry* all over the Nation, declar'd the Right that was in 'em not to be undone, and *flock'd in to their Deliverer:* Nay, that which gave the greateſt Figure to the Deſign was, that Your Majeſty (our rightful and ever Glorious Queen) and Your late Conſort, *Prince George of Denmark, lov'd Your Religion and Country above any Ties of Blood*; Your *Majeſty* began to be Glorious at *Nottingham* (as an Earneſt what Your Name ſhou'd be in *Germany* and *Flanders*) by leading thoſe People as a *General*, which You ſhou'd afterwards command as a *Sovereign.* And tho' there are ſome who pleaſe themſelves with a Phraſe of *Thanking God* that they had no Hand in this *Glorious Revolution*, yet all the *Loyal Whiggs* (or ſincere Proteſtants, for they are ſynonimous Terms) in Your Majeſty's Realms, met on the fifth of *November laſt*, (the Day King *William* landed) to thank God that others had; and to ſpeak the Truth, it's pity that they who

hate the *Principles* of this Cauſe, ſhou'd *Roll in the Profits*; for 'tis a general Obſervation amongſt all thoſe loyal Subjects that are call'd *Whigs*, that all the *Anti-Revolution Gentlemen* (or Enemies to King *William*) are *Abettors of the Pretenders Intereſt* if not profeſt Jacobites.

Then may Heaven ever defend your Majeſty, and in that your Kingdoms, from *Pretended Friends*, thoſe moſt dangerous Enemies, by *what Name or Title ſoever digniſy'd or diſtinguiſh'd, from the BONA FIDE Monarch, to his Vice-Roy at* Bar le Duc, of what ever Denomination or Religion he may be at preſent, or next week, together with all their *Adherents, Abettors, Wel-wiſhers, foreign and domeſtick*, for ſuch Monſters there are amongſt us, but their *Perſons, Names, Deſigns and Practices*, are better known than they imagine, as they may one Day perhaps find to their Confuſion and Loſs.

After all, I can ſcarſe tell how to ſuppoſe, that 'tis my Care for my *Religion, Sovereign's, and Countrey's Safety, my Zeal for their Honour and happy Eſtabliſhment*, that has ſo highly provoked ſome great Men's Diſpleaſure, but ſhou'd it be ſo, they may reſt fully aſſured, that neither the *Wrath, nor Grandeur of any Fellow Subject*, tho' in never ſo highly exalted a Station, ſhall fright me from my Duty; their *Diſpleaſure and Malice wou'd be more juſtly placed, if the firſt were directed againſt themſelves, and the other againſt their Babling Tools*, ſuch as a certain *WATER-MAN* between *Chatham* and *Rocheſter*, who boaſts his former

Owling

Owling Trade, tho' it coſt *the Partner of his Treaſon his Life*, and himſelf nine Months Confinement, has now procured him a Penſion of 50 pounds a Year.

Alas poor GREGG! Were thy Treaſonable Merits ſo great, that neither a *Place*, *Title*, *Penſion*, *W——e*, *S——e* nor *G——r*, could reward, that thou wouldſt die a *Silent Martyr!* Had thy Fidelity to thy Sovereign been equal to that to thy M—— r, *how brightly hadſt thou ſhin'd in Story*, and now, how black doſt thou appear to all honeſt Men? Thy *Brother Traytor on the Thames*, *calls thee a thouſand Fools*, and ſwears, before he wou'd have ſuffer'd a *Hempen Collar* to have been about his Neck, he wou'd have made Diſcoveries, that had found Buſineſs for both *Axe* and *Halter*.

May thoſe be the Fall of all diſloyal Subjects, eſpecially *Queen ANNE*'s, and all other Betrayers of their Country; may *the Hereditary Publiſher* be ſo honeſt, as to confeſs *when*, *where and by whom* that Work was carry'd on; who 'twas the *CLUB* appointed to ſearch Reccords for *Henry the* viiith's Will, and other Preſidents for Modern Facts, how much above 18*l.* that Search coſt, who was at that Charge, and with what View, except to a *certain young Gentleman at* Bar le Duc, not but that there are ſome faithful Subjects, who careful of your Majeſty's Perſon and Honour, their Country's Happineſs, and their own Liberties and Properties, *keep ſo vigilant a Watch on all* thoſe *Perſons*, whoſe Fidelity to your Sacred Perſon they have Reaſon to ſuſpect, as

that none of all this *Myſtery of Iniquity* is a Secret to them; they are *ready and able to inform your Majeſty, in all theſe Particulars and many more, of the laſt Moment to Your Majeſty, and Kingdom's Safety:* (as appears by the many *ſeaſonable Diſcoveries* that have been ſent to me by Perſons of *Great Quality*) but without Your Majeſty's Encouragement, Command and Royal Protection, the appearing in ſo dangerous an Undertaking, wou'd juſtly entitle them to the Character Dr. *Sacheverel* and his Friends gave me, for the Diſcoveries in my *Court-Spy*, viz. that of a *mad Man*; I muſt do them all the Juſtice, to own, that they were none of them ſo *mad*, as to ſuffer me to prove *the black Charge I exhibited againſt him*, and I am not yet ſo *mad*, as not to know the Reaſon of their Temper in this Matter; no nor ſo *mad* neither, as not to know Truth from Falſhood, Realities from Pretences, Traytors from faithful Subjects, Popiſh Prieſts from Proteſtant Miniſters, Superſtition, Self-will Worſhip, and all other falſe Doctrines, even to that new one of *Rebaptizing* (new to the Church of *England*, tho' the Doctor who pretends to be a Miniſter of that Church, declares 'tis what he'l preach and practice, forgetting, I ſuppoſe, that his Patron, my Lord T——r had no other than *Presbyter Baptiſm*, and conſequently, by his Rule, is *no Chriſtian*) from the Truth of Chriſt and his Goſpel: Nay, to go farther, I can likewiſe aſſure the *Reverend Doctor*, I have ſo much the Advantage of him and his *deluded Followers*, *in Senſe*

as

as well as Faith, that I can diſtinguiſh between a *Gracious Princeſs* governing by Law, and an *Arbitrary Tyrant* acting againſt all Laws humane and divine, between my *Rightful Sovereign*, and a *Sham Pretender*; and as with Joy, Love and Humble Duty, I ſhall obey the firſt, ſo I ſhall with all my Power, to my laſt Breath reſiſt the other, when ever by the Advice or Aſſiſtance of ſuch *Falſe Brethren*, as the *Doctor of St. Andrew's Holbourn*, he ſhall attempt a ſecond Invaſion of your Majeſty's Dominions: In this hearty and Loyal Reſolution, *I am ſeconded by all your faithful Subjects, and ſhall be, not only by all your true Allies, but likewiſe all ſincere Proteſtants*; and when ever the *Heroe* of the Doctors Farce makes his next Attempt on *Britain*, he'l find it ſo, to his Confuſion, and that of all his Invitors or Aſſiſters, at home and abroad.

To tire your Majeſty no longer, I beg Leave only to repeat once more, that I am ready to prove *all my Diſcoveries of the Doctor and his Accomplices's*, upon the leaſt Intimation of your Majeſty's Pleaſure, and Aſſurances of your *Royal Protection* for my ſelf and Witneſſes, who are all Perſons of unqueſtionable Veracity and Credit, of unblemiſhed Reputation and Loyalty, faithful and affectionate Subjects to your Majeſty, and *true Friends to that Illuſtrious Houſe* whoſe Succeſſion only can make your People able to ſupport the Loſs of ſo good a Queen, *when ever Heaven for our Sins, and your Majeſty's Happineſs, ſhall remove you from an earthly to an Heavenly Crown*; Nor ſhall either Re-

wards

wards or Puniſhments, the Frowns or Flatteries of any Creature hinder me, from faithfully diſcharging the Duty I owe *my God, my Queen and Country*, to the utmoſt of my Power; as I wou'd not for *a thouſand Worlds, wrong any Man* by a falſe Accuſation, if I knew it to be ſo, ſo neither will I for *Fear or Favour, conceal any Villany, that comes well atteſted* to my Knowledge: this ever was, is, and ſhall be my Principle and Practice; *By this I'le ſtand or fall, live or die*; that Man I think ill underſtands his Duty to God, his Prince and Country, that will be *bully'd* out of the performing it, by any Man on Earth. This I hope will never be attempted towards me, but if it ſhou'd, 'twill be in vain, *for I wou'd willingly loſe for the Service of your Majeſty, as much as others get by pretending to ſerve you.*

May Your Majeſty long live, *the Bleſſing of your People, and Support of the* Proteſtant *Intereſt, and the Liberties of* Europe; all of them *now* in the utmoſt Danger; may your Majeſty be *the Glorious Inſtrument of* Providence, to extricate them out of it: And to this End, may God bleſs your Majeſty, with *a wiſe Council, a faithful Miniſtry, and an obedient, loyal, affectionate, dutiful, united* People, this is the hearty, zealous Prayers of,

Moſt Gracious Sovereign,

Your Majeſty's *moſt humble,*

Moſt obedient, moſt loyal,

Moſt dutiful and moſt faithful

Subject and Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

THE
Fiery-Tryal:
OR
The CASE of the *Proteſtants* of *Great-Britain*, if the *PRETENDER* ſhou'd ever Uſurp Her Majeſty's Throne, and be *Crown'd King.*

Attempted by Mr. *JOHN DUNTON*, Author of the foregoing *Addreſs to Her Majeſty.*

Reader,

I Judge 'twill be *a Word in Seaſon* (after my offering to appear and prove all my Diſcoveries of the *Jacobite-Treaſon* detected in my *Court-Spy*) if I here give you, A Glimpſe of that *Fiery-Tryal* that will undoubtedly befal *the Proteſtants of Great Britain* if God (for our Sins) ſhou'd ever ſuffer the *Pretender to Uſurp Her Majeſties Throne, and be crown'd Kings.* Then ſince 'tis the Duty of every

very Loyal Subject (as I have prov'd in my *Addreſs to Her Majeſty*) to endeavour the Service of that Community to which he belongs, according to his Station, Circumſtances, or the *Diſcoveries* he can make, let it not be thought Officiouſneſs or Preſumption in a *private Subject of England*, employ'd in no Poſt, and engag'd to no Party, ſway'd by no particular Views of Intereſt, and heated by no Zeal or Paſſion, but for the Good of his Native Country, to offer you ſuch Diſcoveries, *of the Caſe of the Proteſtants of Great Britain, under a Popiſh King*, as (by the Bleſſing of God) may ſave *a Frenchified Nation from Ruin*, or in plainer Engliſh, may preſerve us from the Uſurpation and *Fiery-Tryal* deſign'd by a *Popiſh Pretender*.

I confeſs (Reader) it were to be wiſh'd, that all Her Majeſty's Subjects cou'd be made ſenſible of their invaluable Happineſs, in being *born free, and govern'd by Laws of their own making*, Liberty the Birthright of an *Engliſhman*, is ſo glorious a Poſſeſſion, that you can never be too frequently congratulated upon it, nor too often adviſ'd to hold it faſt [*in Deſpight of the Pretender, and all his Adherents*] and if the *Pulpits* wou'd perform their Duty conſcientiouſly, and dwell frequently upon this Subjects, 'twou'd not be at all forreign to their Buſineſs, which is *to promote Vertue, and the preſent as well as future Happineſs of Mankind*. This certainly wou'd be a Theme much more proper to thoſe good Ends) and more likely to deliver us from the *Fiery-Trial*, (*as the practical Love of Truth is the beſt Preſervative againſt*

againſt Popery) than their old exploded one, of *Paſſive Obedience*, and wou'd be moreover a reparation in kind, of the *corrupt Politicks*, which, to the *Abuſe of Scripture and Common Senſe*, they once ſpread abroad over the Nation, and to which, in a great Meaſure, muſt be imputed *the fatal Miſchiefs* which have *formerly happen'd* both to the Court and Country, and the *preſent* Fears we are now in of a *Popiſh Pretender*, but this Craft of the *Sacheverelite* (or *Jacobite*) *Faction* (which conſiſts in framing ſuch Interpretations of holy Scripture, as ſerve an indirect Intereſt) was never diſcover'd ſo much as of late, and no Perſon has ſo much contributed to the Diſcovery hereof, as *King William*, who by the Glorious Revolution in 88, *revers'd all the Political Divinity*, which the Clergy had been propagating ſince the Reign of *King James the firſt*. And thoſe that will not yet believe that *Great Britain is in any Danger from the Pretender*, will do well to remember, 'twas *the High-Church-Clergy and Party*, who by their preaching and voting, oppos'd the Bill for *excluding James Duke of York*, a known *Papiſt*; 'twas this Party who impos'd upon the Nation the *Doctrine of Paſſive Obedience* to a Tyrannical King, upon Pain of Eternal Damnation; and to this *High-Flying- Party* (or Jacobite Proteſtants) 'tis, that *the Hereditary Folio* (a Book writ on Purpoſe to promote the Pretender's Intereſt) owes its Birth, and the Proteſtants of *Great Britain* their Fears of a Perſecution, and the Danger they are now in of loſing that invaluable Bleſſing the Proteſtant Succeſſion, *in the Illuſtrious Houſe of Hanover*, tho'

 theſe

theſe *High-Flyers* (or great Pretenders to Loyalty) can't but know, 'tis to ruin her Majeſty's Title, to fix it on any other Foot than that of the *Revolution* and the *Act of Settlement*, which (as Mr. *Steel* unanſwerably proves in his *Criſis*) excludes the Popiſh Pretender for ever, and conſequently renders the *Hanover Succeſſion unalterable*, which was a Matter of ſuch vaſt Moment that 'till the Succeſſion was ſettled in the Proteſtant Line, and the Hopes of all other Pretenders cut off, the *Revolution* was imperfect, and King *William* had but half perform'd the Buſineſs he came for; and 'twas a Senſe of this, made him with ſuch prudent Concern to mention to the Parliament, the great Loſs of the Duke of *Glocester*, and preſs 'em to look forward, and make a further Proviſion for the Throne; and King *William* had the Miſchiefs ariſing from a Popiſh Succeſſor, ſo much at Heart, that his very *laſt Minutes* were improv'd with a wiſe Diligence, to deliver us from *Popery and Slavery* (I mean from that *Fiery-Tryal* of which he had a ſenſible Proſpect, as well as of his own approaching death) and therefore haſtned the compleating of thoſe *good Acts*, prepar'd to this Purpoſe; and when he had ſign'd 'em died, with the pious Satisfaction of a *tender Father* of his People, who thought that he had then done all that was in his Power, towards *making their Happineſs immortal*. And yet 'tis notorious, with what *Cowardly Inſolence* ſome Engliſh and Scotch Jacobites have treated the Memory of King *William*, one of the beſt Princes (Her

preſent

preſent Majeſty excepted) that ever ſat on the Engliſh Throne, who for ſo many Years before his Acceſſion to the *Engliſh Crown*, as well as ſince was the great Aſſerter of the Liberty of *Europe*, and the chief Barrier to the Ambition of *France*, even by the Confeſſion of his worſt Enemies. Or, what ever undeſerving *Aſperſions* the *Jacobites* may caſt upon him, all true Proteſtants will always own, that King *William* was a Prince who came to the Throne upon the juſteſt and moſt honourable Title in the World, *viz. The Univerſal Call of an afflicted People*, who lay oppreſs'd with intollerable Slavery, and expos'd to certain Ruin. But this was above twice ſeven Years agoe, a long Space, and in which theſe wiſe Gentlemen have had the good Fortune to recover themſelves out of the fright that then put 'em beſides their Senſes, and to wonder what thoſe *Bugbears and Ghoſts of Danger* were, that made a whole Nation *ſtart from their Loyalty, and turn Rebels*; ſuch *wretches* (or Paſſive Canters) as theſe, were ſav'd againſt their Wills, only by the Misfortune they had to *be in Company with ſuch as were wiſer than themſelves*; and they wou'd be juſtly ſerv'd if they were left to periſh by their own Contrivances (I mean by that *New Scheme* they have concerted) to bring in the Pretender) if the *Fiery Tryal* they are now preparing for the Proteſtants of *Great Britain*, wou'd not involve the *true Friends to the Houſe of Hanover*, for 'tis notorious, with what Induſtry *Dr. Sacheverel and his falſe Brethren* have employ'd

themſelves in reviving old Quarrels, ſowing new Seeds of Contention, and *ſtirring up all the ill Humours of the Nation*, which during the whole Time of the late *Glorious Miniſtry*, has lain ſtill, and given the Nation no Diſturbance.

This Reader is *the former and preſent State of the Proteſtants of Great Britain*, and therefore wou'd unavoidably end in a *PERSECUTION* (or Fiery Tryal) if ever *the Pretender ſhou'd uſurp her Majeſty's Throne, and be crown'd King*; for the Malice and Fury of our Proteſtant Jacobites, is now more fierce and cruel than it was (even) in that Reign when *BLOODY JURIES* were impanel'd, and *Ruſſel*, *Sydney*, *Corniſh*, *Bateman*, and other illuſtrious Patriots, were ſacrific'd to the Reſentments of a *Popiſh Succeſſor*, and to ſet him the ſooner on the *Britiſh Throne*. And 'twas for that Reaſon, that the noble Ld. *Ruſſel* tells the World, in his laſt Speech, that "*He* "*thankt God he fell by the Axe, and not by the* "*Fiery Tryal.*

But it ſeems at firſt Sight an Abſurdity, that any Man ſhou'd need to be preach'd to upon theſe things, that a Proteſtant ſhou'd need to be reminded that his Religion is preferable to that of *Rome*, and an *Engliſhman* that our Government is more for his Security, than that of *France* (for the Pretender can never come, but by the Aſſiſtance of our dear Friend and Allie *Lewis le Grand*) where there's ſcarce *a Hugonot*, but has either dy'd in the *Fiery-Tryal*, or fled from it; and how near *England*

land is now to it, is very uncertain, for *The Letter to the Diſſenters* tells 'em plainly what they are all to expect, if they won't act contrary to their Conſciences (for that's the meaning of forceing of 'em to approve the *frenchify'd* Conduct of V—— *B*——) and the *Low-Churchmen*, as they ſcorn to come into *O*——'s *Hereditary* (or Jacobite) Meaſures, can't expect any kinder Treatment, than the *Glorious Martyrs in Queen* Mary's *Days found in the midſt of Flames.* For don't we (already) find, that not only the *Freedom of Elections* is deſtroy'd (as is ſeen by the *London Merchants* not being return'd to ſit in the next Parliament, tho' the *Scrutiny* prov'd them duly elected) but that *Bloody Juries* are like to be pack'd again, and Numbers of truly *loyal and innocent Whiggs* offer'd *in Sacrifice to the Malice of the Pretender's Friends* (for that is the meaning of *SOME BODY*'s *Letter to the Diſſenters*) and to faſten our Chains, all her Majeſty's moſt loyal Subjects, the [*WHIGGS*] muſt be treated and branded as Factious (or mad) Perſons for can my being forc'd to fly, (for only diſcovering *Treaſonable Words and Practices*, againſt her Majeſty's Perſon and Government, that I am ready to prove) admit of any other Conſtruction?——This, *Reader*, is a true Account of that Ruin (if not *Fiery Tryal*) that all true Proteſtants are to expect, if ever the *Pretender ſhou'd uſurp her Majeſty's Throne, and be crown'd King*; ſo that at preſent our very *Liberty* ſtruggles as it were for Life, againſt the Treaſonable Attempts of *a R——ing F—te*

and

and a Debauch'd S——, who might well ſay, *He wou'd not give ten Pounds to take me*, for he knows he were better give *ten Thouſand Pounds* than I ſhou'd inform her Majeſty of his *leud and Jacobite Character.* (As I reſolve to do it by credible Witneſſes, if I obtain the *Royal Protection*) neither can I doubt it, without doing a manifeſt Wrong to Her Majeſty's illuſtious Piety, ſhe having declar'd (in a Proclamation) "*Her "ſolemn Reſolution to diſcountenance and puniſh "all manner of Vice and Profaneneſs, in all "Perſons of whatever Degree or Quality, and "particularly in ſuch as are employ'd near Her "Royal Perſon.*

Now Reader, as I have here faithfully diſcover'd the Caſe (*or Fiery-Trial*) of the Proteſtants of *Great Britain* (if ever the Pretender ſhou'd uſury Her Majeſty's Throne) I hope there cannot any be found ſo fantaſtically fond of change, ſo tranſported by Diſcontent or deſtitute of Senſe, and the Love of their native Country, as to expect better Times under a French Conqueſt (for *Perkin* will be no other than a *Deputy-King* to *Lewis le Grand*) than they now enjoy under a proteſtant Queen.

And here I wou'd argue a little calmly, with thoſe *Engliſh Jacobites*, that drink the Pretender's Health, write their Treaſon on Medals, and are ſo zealous for what they (traitrouſly) call his *Reſtoration.*

And here Gentlemen, I wou'd firſt ask you, Is not arbitrary Government the ſame thing it ever was? *Is Popery grown leſs bloody*, or leſs

ſuperſtitious

ſuperſticious; Or is *Bigotry* grown mild and gracious by being irritated and exaſperated? What is it Men can expect from ſuch a *bloody Revolution* as that muſt needs be, that ſhall *ſettle the Pretender* on the Engliſh Throne, will that Prince that makes other Countries a Wilderneſs make ours a Paradice? If ever the Pretender gets footing in *England*, muſt it not be by the ſecret or publick Aſſiſtance of the *French King*; and then, can he be any other than his *Bloody Dragoon* (or popiſh Deputy) to do with our *Lives and Fortunes*, juſt as he orders him? Will he that harraſſes and oppreſſes his own Subjects, and will not endure to be control'd either by *Law or Religion*, be ſcrupulous and tender of our *Engliſh Laws, Rights and Liberties?* Will he who has hitherto plac'd Glory in Subtilty, and Cruelty, Blood and Falſhood, change his Notion in the Moment he overcomes us, and purſue it in Acts of Mildneſs and Goodneſs of Honour and Juſtice? Theſe ſure are Miracles fit for no Faith, but that which ſwollows *Tranſubſtantiation:* But alas, if we cou'd ſuppoſe even all this, our Fortunes and Treaſure, are the leaſt Demands the *Neceſſity and Ambition* of that Prince can ſtoop to; and he will never want Pretences to make ſuch Demands appear juſt and reaſonable: Or ſuppoſe the French King (or his *Vice-Roy*, the ſham Prince) cou'd be that *gentle, mild, REINING THING* the Jacobites wou'd have us think him; yet our Religion, our innate Love of Liberty, and Averſion to a tyranical Yoke, much more a foreign one,

and

and much more yet, a *French one* (tho' put on our *passive Necks* by the Pretender himself) render us incapable of being ever trusted, or indulged by him; he will never think his own Power and Interest secure, while there remains any thing, either of our *English Courage* unbroke, our Fortunes unexhausted, or our Religion uncorrupted, and will look upon himself oblig'd to reduce us to the *lowest Degree of Impotence and Tameness*, that is, to the Condition of poor cow'd Slaves or despicable Apostates; and therefore I reckon every *English Jacobite* (or Perkinite Plotter) to be either a Fool or a Madman.

FINIS.

There will be published in few Days.

THE *High-Church Revolution*, or Passive-Obedience and Non-Resistance in Arms. *A Trage-Comedy*; as it was acted (with great Applause) throughout the *English* Dominions, in the Year 1688, by the Rt. Rev. *Henry late Lord Bishop of London*, and other Church-men of great Quality. With a *Dedication to all true Englishmen*, detecting the present deplorable State of the *British Nation*. Written by Mr. *John Dunton*, Author of *The Court-Spy*.